MOCKET FINA FICTION.

A Duel Between Fate and Man

A Hunt That Ended In a Love Quest.

By Honore Willsle.

her brother and his wife, the beard, was startling. plateau seemed heavenly. But even sense of irritation.

Arthur's and Alice's fad had seemed ly accepted their invitation to join them. To hunt the wild game of the Prockies with a camera was unique enough to be interesting. But the hunt was a chance for an hour or two of miss your only chance at the mountain of the long-tailed deer, so high among rest that was not to be foregone.

turned to him sudden like an' I said:

"Arthur, have you become a miser

yourself?" Arthur laughed an' said; "No. Why?" An' den I said to him:

Wot did you do wid de money you

made sellin' newspapers?"

out o' de 'Good Boy' bank?

had been very bad. The three days chase for a snap at the black wolf had been worse, and it enled in fallure, But this chase for a mountain sheep was trying Penelope beyond endurance. "It's easy for Alice, thought poor Penelope, digging her staff victously into a crevice. "She's like a bundle o steel wires. She loves to get up before daylight and crawl half a mile on her hands and knees to wait at a spring for some silly beast to come for a drink. But I'm just worn out

The three enthslasts ahead, turned back. "You three leave me here in the shade of this rock and come back for ne when you are finished. I am worn

Alice! Arthur!"

Arthur looked at Penelope in dismay 'But don't you want to see a mountain sheep?" he coaxed. "Since the blacktailed deer were in the river bottom this morning, the sheep are sure to be up here. Just think, Penelope, one of those curious, rare, mountain sheep!" But even this vision failed to move his sister. She shook her head. Alice gave a resigned little sigh.

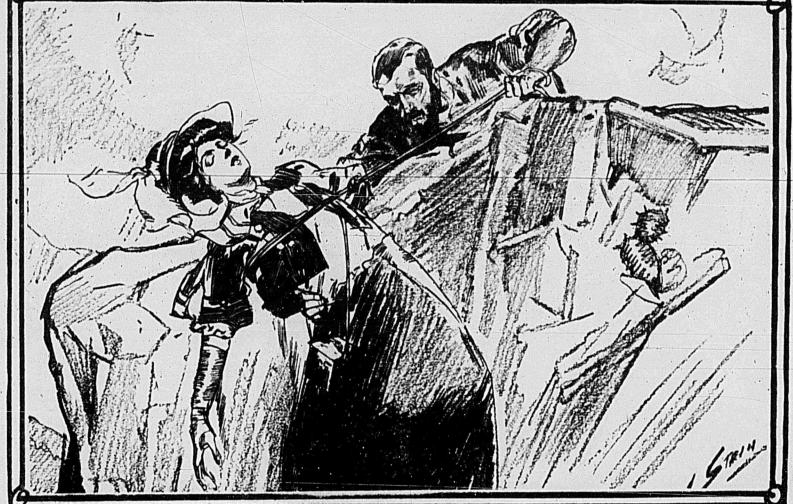
Th stay with you, Penelope," she

"No, you won't," said Arthur hastily "It's not safe. Two women are not better than one, here." .

Here the guide interposed. He had been with them but a day, but already, besides being their guide, he was their counsellor and friend. He was too well bred to be treated otherwise. Penelope looked at the stalwart, heav-NELOPE took a long lly bearded fellow in a troubled way. breath and started on after His resemblance to Dick, in spite of

who were chatting with the "Now I tell you, Mr. Seymore," he guide. After the rough said, "you know as much about this climbing of the morning, the little business as I do, and you tell me you have been up this trail half a dozen this respite did not ease Penelopa's times before. Why can't I stay here with your sister, fix up camp for the light and let you and Mrs. Seymore go on and locate the sheep?"

"Good, good!" exclaimed Seymore. she said, pleadingly. "You will be more, and Mrs. Soymore looked a little dubious, back before dark, and I am so tired. mountain. but Penelope spoke eagerly. Here and," she added artfully, "you may



"She was pulled upward a few feet * * * She closed her eyes and dropped her staff." "It will only be a couple of hours," | "Come on, Arthur," said Mrs. Sey. The guide straightened himself and | And then, the thing happened! A

> The little plateau on which the colloguy had taken place was smooth and wide, with a little spring trickling out to me." of the great wall of the mountain. Peneiope sat quietly watching the distant
> peaks in the afternoon light while the
> guide set about his preparation for the

night's camp, watching Penelope surreptitiously the while. Very lovely was the sunlight on the masses of her hair, the quick glow of color in her cheeks, at the distant glory of the canyon walls.

said in his quiet way. Without knowing "It was some one who was very dear

The guide watched her anxiously. "Not too near the edge, please," he

the delight in her eyes as she looked at the distant glory of the carryon walls. Penelope did not answer. Far. far Finally, her gaze wandered to the color in the rock masses. And silence;

The Storm Wooing. By Izola L. Forrester.

reflective and regretful, ating.

small, erect figure in time."

He did not look at the

the river. Then up and up, chaos of guide as his work brought him close beside her, and again the troubled look silence so intense that, though every 66 MacDowell's voice w beside her, and again the troubled look sense was keen to catch the brilliancy of the canon coloring. Penelope stood "Do you know," she said, abruptly, counting her own heart beats. She "you have a resemblance to some one leaned over a little to look at the ledge

more, and the two started off up the looked at her keenly. " Is that so?" he sudden vertigo, a hoarse cry from behind her, a sense of endless falling, After ages of nothingmess, she open-

and dropped her staff. Then a pair of ed her eyes. Far above, the sky with removed the rope.

violent jerk upward.

Peril Wakes the Heart of a Woman

face disappeared, leaving Penelope a one with the blue above and the far cirwith the blue above and the far cirheedingly. "What shall I do? Shall I

slip noose dangled heside her. 'Can go after your sister?' I think there are no be you put it over your head and under said Penelope, workly. "I am only teryour arm?" the guide called. "For my ribly bruised and shaken. How I am to sake, Penelope, be careful! And look get down the mountain again, I don't up at me all the time. Don't look down know,

swered the guide, eagerty, as he adprised. Penelope took the nbose with justed the steamer rug on which she rembling fingers, and tried to disen- lay.

tagle herself from the brush which had Again Penelope's senses dimmed. "You do look so like Dick," she murmured. "Aren't you Dick?-only Dick herself to a sitting position, then little was not so strong

"Tell me about Dick," said the guide, with a band that trembled so that he

sprinkled her gown. Penelope looked at him with puzzled. half destrous eyes. 'Dick? Why Dick was my husband, and after we had our

the rear and misery of that trip back silly quarrel he went to Europe. That to the plateau Penelope was never to forget. The rope cut into her chest until she would have fainted with the pain.

The guide thre r aside the cup, "Do til she would have fainted with the pain you think it was a silly quarrel?" He had not the difficulty of warding herself from the wall with her alpenstock "Yes," answered Penelope, "If only I

forced her to keep her senses alert.

Now, with a quick jerk, she was pulled.

The guide str The guide stooped and lifted the upward for a few feet, then a pause, sienier, aching body into his arms. while the rope twisted her dizzily, with "Here I am, dear," he said, "here is now a view of the serenity of the oppo- Dick it was never Europe, after all. site canyon wall in the afternoon sun, came here where I could work and be now the yellow dampness of stone with- forgotten."

Peneloce looked into his face, forge ting her pain in the wonder of it al"; As she paused within a foot or so of "I must have known it," she said, "in the plateau level she closed her eyes spite of the beard."

Then she closed her eves on his arms lifted her slowly, tenderly and shoulder. "Sheep hunting is not bad, laid her on the ground, then carefully after all," she said and Dick held her

Young Love Knight of the Golden Heart

By Roy L. McCardell.

(From "Jimmy Jones; the Autobiography of an Office Boy," published by Dana Estes & Co.)

FTER we washed up we set on de bed an' I got Aw—I mean Arthur to talkin.

I was reminded uv a good many queer little actions uv Arthur's since I had come across him agin, an' I turned to him sudden like an' I said: "Arthur, have you become a miser yourself?" Arthur laughed an' sail: "No. Why?" An' den I said to him: "Wot did you do wid de money you took out o' de 'Good Boy' bank?" took out o' de 'Good Boy' bank? (From "Jimmy Jones; the Autobiog-raphy of an Office Boy," published by new Dana Estes & Co.)

aunt about my not wearing shoes to school in winter time when you and I What've you done wid de money you've | se dared each other.

made sellis' newspapers?"

"He looked down at de floor a minit an den he turned an' took me by de hand.
"I promised to tell you last night, Chimmie," he said. "You are the only one in this world except my dear mother, who is far across the sea, I would tell. It's because my family beeds it."

"Your family?" said I.
"Chimmie, that red-nosed woman in the when you and I dared each other.
"I stopped her. She didn't remember me, and I gave her a string about having seen her at church. Oh, Chimmie, I have been an awful liar lately! I told her that I had been sent down by a rich person who was interested in helping a poor woman who had sewing machine paralysis—that was what I called it—but I was afraid that she will you and I dared each other.
"I stopped her. She didn't remember me, and I gave her a string about having seen her at church. Oh, Chimmie, I have been an awful liar lately! I told her that I had been sent down by a rich person who was interested in helping a poor woman who had sewing machine paralysis—that was what I called it—but I was afraid that she will all the person who was interested in helping a poor woman who had sewing machine paralysis—that was what I would know me, and it was to be a secret, and would she take the money to the woman and not tell her who it was from?
"Chimmie, I have a fairy god."

"Your family?" said I.
"Yos. Chimmie. I have a fairy god-mother and a fairy princess. The prairiest. Little go'den-haired princess. had sart. She took the six dol- you are transformd. Your grumpin

came to her eyes.

BETTY VINGENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

GOOD NATURE IS CATCHING. For His Birthday. and all out of sorts so that nothing looks good to | HAVE known a young man for the Calted to Say Good-By. A and all out of sorter seem treading on your parpast eight months. As his birthticular toes and everything seem at cross-angles? You day comes before mine I would like have noticed, too, how your feelings entirely change to give him a present. Would it be when you come into the presence of a cheerful, sun- proper? shiny person. There is a scientific reason for this which

The facts are these: Good nature is a mental or soul substance which has a decided tendency to generate its not the presence of one of these human and the went with Other Girls.

When you come into the presence of one of these human sunshine factories positive. But it made me is a bad sort. She took the six dol. You are transform. Your granings here away to the natural place with the lars I gave her and six bats and owls in some dark cellar. You are happy again, it was passing along when I saw a little notice with writing on it so much like my mother's that it made me is happy. The notice was stuck by a door fain it read: 'Furnished Rooms to Let.' If you are transform. Your granings here away to the first a bad sort. She took the six dol. You are transform. Your granings here away to the first and I know he bats and owls in some dark cellar. You are happy again.

When I returned to Brooklyn has had time to write, because he is wouldn't take it for a long time, she was that proud. Finally she agreed to happy?

I told a girl friend whom I visited once a week for two years what fine times planation, as I care for him dearly? I had and all about the girls I took out. The other was the form of the others. You will now feel like smiling. Then smile sometimes, especially at the other was too the natural place with the lars I gave her and sive some one who is look or wouldn't take it for a long time, she was that proud. Finally she agreed to happy?

I told a girl friend whom I visited once a week for two years what fine times on him to my hand and all about the girls I took out. The dark of the others. You will now feel like smiling. Then smile sometimes, especially at the other was taken to don't with the other with the other was taken to be a smill throw the other and owle in the town of the pleasant time to write, because he is took out the other was taken to my hand own I visited once a week for two years what fine times on the town of the pleasant experiences you have had. This crowds out the other and own I visited once a week for two years what fine times on the town of the pleasant experiences you have had. This crowds out the other and own I visited once a week for two years what fine times.

You are transform. Your ser happy again.

To the town of the plea times. When I returned to Brooklyn I told a girl friend whom I visited once a week for two years what fine times I had and all about the girls I took out. Do you think she ought to feel hurt in any way? I know for a positive fact that she goes with no other young men.

FRED.

If you love the girl you should give

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

Fred Ayer nating that might otherwise have remained dormant with misery. Real cheer fact that she goes with no other young sorry not to be in when he called to is to a depressed mind as sunshine to a seed underground. Keep sunny and men.

day comes before mine I would like to give him a present. Would it be proper?

AGNES.

Yes. Don't make it too expensive.

He Went With Other Girls, Dear Betty:

Works in another city. A few months ago he visited me and when he came to bid me good-by unexpectedly I was summer resorts I met some girls

AM a young girl nineteen years old and I have known a young gentleman for seven years. We have been will merely drift anywhere. It does will merely drift anywhere. It does not matter so long as I do not drift into Arleigh Harbor and try again—for way down the path. What had been a summer resorts I met some girls

AM a young girl nineteen years old and I have known a young gentleman for seven years. We have been for matter so long as I do not drift into Arleigh Harbor and try again—for way down the path. What had been a summer resorts I met some girls

The bluft.

"We can't get to the shore," she excellence. "The tide is in."

Put your arms around my neck and to not drift into Arleigh Harbor and try again—for seven a smooth stretch of sand was now a swiring mass of low breakers. Maconew to be a contracted to the shore, and the shore in his volce that troubled her, have can't get to the shore, "But to be a proper of the bluft."

We can't get to the shore," she excented it and to the came will merely drift anywhere. It does not matter so long as I do not drift to not matter so long as I do not drift.

She obeyed in silence and he made his summer. There was a new to be in the fourth time."

She did not answer. There was a new to be in the fourth time."

There was a swing machine in the common property of the could be any of the could be a

brown linen sitting in

of distant peaks and far horizon. The

a sense of pain and with it a man's

brush-grown ledge on which she lay a

get the rope?" called the guide. "For

heaven's sake, don't move!" and the

Then a rope with a carefully adjusted

Too bruised and shaken to be sur-

broken her fall. Slowty, inch by inch.

with pain at every motion, she raised

by little adjusted the noose under her

"Now," he called, "I'm going to lower

your staff to you and you must keep

yourself from brushing the wall by

The fear and misery of that trip back

in an inch of her face, then another

arms to the guide's satisfaction.

means of it as I pull you up."

man's face looking down upon her.

ed back, weakly.

nto the canyon."

"Penelope! Penelope!" and above the

"Here I am! I'm all right!" she call-

I have made a hard one for the cause, few yards away and left it a blasted, and since it is hopeless I shall leave smoking ruin-Arleigh."

point of her parasol a trifle victously in among the innocent pine needles.

"No Indefinitely. I expect to go "We can't get to the shore," she ex-

b. B.—Try this formula for removing freckies. Citrine units moving freckies. Citrine units faithful exactitude by an analogue bey of sisters and cousins and aunts.

I ment, one dram; oil of almonds, one dram; spermacell ointment, six drams; attar of roses, three drops. Beat thoroughly in an earthenware vessel. Apply as often as required.

Anti-Kink Pomade.

I HAITLES—This formula is a temporary means of straightening the porary means of straigh

(Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.) among the pine needles. The serious to swell and least to meet the sky. HEN it is no again?" hazel eyes regarded him with a disinamong the pine needles. The serious of thunder like cannon. The sea seemed MacDowell's voice was terested independence that was exasper- The boughs of the pines lashed up and down like fragile breeze-blown ferns as "It is always no. This is the fourth the wind swept over them.

At the second crash Cecil rose and "Three and a half." There was a turned instinctively to the trees for flash of mischief in her quick smile, shelter, but the gale caught her, and "You only got as far as a lifetime of she would have fallen only for Macdevotion last time and Mr. Tisdale Dowell's firm clasp of her arm, Alcame for his waitz. When will you try most instantly the whole world of land and sea and sky seemed on fire, and "Never." His voice was quiet. She she shrank back into his arms with a could not see his face. "I give up the cry of fear as a bolt struck a kingly fight. I think that even you will grant pine that towered above its brothers a

Before she could recover herself he "For the summer?" She dug the had lifted her in his arms and gained

The Last Gallant Deed of "Cigarette," Daughter of the Regiment.

Under Two Flags.

Inder TWO Flags.

By Oulda.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued) In which to be now when the requirement of the property flags and the struggle, then a wore of rubble of the second to the second